

# The Pinkerton Annual -- 1917



OUR ALMA MATER





*Anna Rogers*

# The Pinkerton Annual 1917



PINKERTON ACADEMY  
Derry, N. H.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

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1917

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# The Pinkerton Annual.

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BOARD OF EDITORS.

Leander Poor, James S. Martin, George Ray,  
Renza Emerson, Louise Paradise Ethel Taylor, Myrtle Raitt, Sylvia Clement.



## THE PINKERTON ANNUAL

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FRANK G. HOW,  
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\*Resigned.





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Miss Marion Wilkinson, Mr. Albert Smith, Miss Susan Dana Bartley, Miss Edith Reed, Mr. Harland Dyke,  
 Miss Florence Flewelling, Mr. Howard Poor, Miss Sylvia Clark.



## CLASS OFFICERS.

## 1917.

PAUL E. GREELEY	<i>President</i>
WILBUR E. TEWKSBURY	<i>Vice-President</i>
RENA M. FRENCH	<i>Secretary</i>
GEORGE C. RAY	<i>Treasurer</i>

## 1918.

ROBERT H. BECKLEY	<i>President</i>
NATHALIE A. HASELTINE	<i>Vice-President</i>
OLGA C. RAITT	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## 1919.

EPHRAIM MARTIN	<i>President</i>
MARION E. CHADWICK	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOENA R. FULLONTON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## 1920.

COBURN NEAL	<i>President</i>
ELEANOR ALEXANDER	<i>Vice-President</i>
RAYMOND MORRILL	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## PHILOMATHEON SOCIETY OFFICERS.

## First Term.

CARL F. HALL	<i>President</i>
GEORGE C. RAY	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL M. TAYLOR	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## Second Term.

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FRANK E. MUZZEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAE E. BOND	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

## Third Term.

EDWIN S. LAWS	<i>President</i>
JAMES S. MARTIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
RUTH E. CALDWELL	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>



SENIOR CABINET.

Paul Greeley, Carl Hall, George Ray, Renza Emerson, Myrtle Raitt.



## EDITORIAL.

This year the students have made a change in the school paper. This change, we believe, is for the better. And why? In later years, when we have left Pinkerton, the pleasant times and loved companions of our youth will be but memories, and we will treasure, I am sure, anything which contains the events of our school life. The little jokes and knocks which are sure to be ours will send happy thoughts roaming through our minds. The pictures of the classes, athletic teams, staff, and Academy will recall more clearly the bygone days. Nothing can preserve the memory of our school life as well as the Annual.

Of course, other things should be considered besides the enjoyment we will get out of it; we should help the paper by subscribing for it, if for nothing more. With good support from the student body, the paper will undoubtedly be alive and interesting.

But listen a moment to an article which appeared some time ago in the *Royal Blue*:

"You have all heard the plea to contribute to the paper and help make it a success, but there is another class of people who contribute to the financial success of our paper—the advertisers.

"Without them we could have no power. We might have all the material possible, but unless we have the necessary advertising we can do nothing.

"Can't we help them since they help us? Doesn't one good turn deserve another? SURELY! Then advertise your spirit by patronizing our advertisers. Isn't everyone an advertiser after all? The rich man, the poor man, the beggar, and the thief advertise their characters by their actions and manners."

We realize that with us rests the responsibility of making a right beginning, and if we fail, we feel that it will not be our fault. We have attempted to put out a paper that would really represent the school, and we hope that we have succeeded.

This year we have learned a great deal; we have made many mistakes, but we have profited by them. All whom we have asked to contribute something to the paper have been very prompt and willing to meet our requests, and we certainly wish to thank them for the interest they have shown.

To the Alumni we extend our hearty greetings, and we wish to thank those who have been so kind as to contribute articles for this number. The Alumni notes are of great importance, both to the student and to the Alumni, because they give the student a

chance to learn of the successes of those who have gone before him; and they are also a means by which the former students may keep in touch with one another, and with the school.

To the Editors for next year we wish the best of success, and hope that they may enjoy their work as much as we have.

The first thing which is absolutely essential to run a school paper is a good active Board of Editors. This part we are sure of for the coming year; but they must have the coöperation of the students or their work will mean almost nothing. Articles, short stories, jokes, and strange incidents which occur in the classroom are always acceptable; and if you care to help the Editors in this way, they will appreciate it, I am sure. So, for the sake of the school, paper, and Editors, we urge you all to keep your eyes open, your pencil and paper at hand, and contribute even small articles to the paper.

#### FOREST FLOWERS.

Some flowers take station close to where we stay,  
And some draw up on either side the way  
To watch us, horse and foot, go trooping by,  
And take our dust when summer winds are dry.  
With neither of these the forest flowers belong,  
Whose love for us perhaps is no less strong  
Because they will that whoso touches stem  
Of theirs must leave the world and come to them. .

*Robert Frost.*

Mr. Frost will be remembered as a former teacher in Pinkerton.





CLASS DAY SPEAKERS.

## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1917.

On September 8, in the year 1913, this class began its existence in Pinkerton Academy, with fifty-five members. To the casual observer the history of each class is very similar to that of the preceding one. There is each year the same awkward, shy, straggling group entering in the first class, with feelings divided between pride at their advancement and awe at their surroundings. There are always the same excited discussions over the first class meeting, the officers, adviser, and colors; but, except for the generalities, the history of each class is decidedly different from that of the others, and fraught with interest for all its members.

I think we can all remember our first day at Pinkerton. We came from all directions and were of all sizes and descriptions, and of various dispositions. This feeling, however, soon wore away, and little by little we became accustomed to our new school life.

In the second week of a school a reception given to us by the seniors made us feel much more at home.

After we became acquainted with the teachers and classmates, we thought it best to really do something, so our first meeting was held and the following officers were elected: President, James Martin; Vice-President, Wilbur Tewksbury; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry Spaulding. Our class adviser for this year was Miss Marion Butters. We chose our colors for the four years; green and white.

During the year we were very active, and surely made a good start. In the spring we set out a class tree, and we hope it will continue to thrive for many years after we have left.

In June, on class day, the Sophomore President presented us with a spade and told us to dig during the coming year.

At the graduation exercises we were surprised but happy to learn that two of our classmates had won the scholarships. Of course, we were very proud to think that they had outdone the upper classmen.

In September, 1914, we returned to school as Sophomores, with the loss of only one member. Our officers for this year were Edwin Laws, President; Paul Greeley, Vice-President; and Sylvia Clement, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Daniel Curran was chosen as our adviser.

In October we gave our first social, and it proved to be an enjoyable time for all.



The football game between Pinkerton and Sanborn was one of the most interesting things that had happened since we came into the school. Many of our class went to Kingston, and those that did will not forget it.

Mr. Marrinan bade farewell to the students in June. We were all sorry to have him leave us, and I am sure his Derry friends felt the same.

The new principal proved helpful and ready to aid us when it was needed, so we knew that we would be all right after all.

This year we came back with forty-nine members. We elected the following officers: President, Paul Greeley; Vice-President, Ruth Caldwell; Secretary and Treasurer, Myrtle Raitt. Miss Reba E. Eaton became our adviser.

Our third year we were given the privilege of holding a secret social. The faculty and the members of the class certainly spent a pleasant evening in Paradise Hall.

Now we were really an important factor in the school. In March, 1916, we gave a play entitled "The Time of His Life." Each part was acted very well; so well that everyone agreed that nothing like it had been given at school for some time. This, then, was a big success. Another thing which we felt proud of was the reputation we had gained in athletics. Some of the best athletes were in our class, and they made a fine showing for both the school and class.

The annual masquerade was given in February by the class of 1917. We decorated the hall very prettily and with the aid of the costumes we were able to attract much attention.

In September, 1916, we came back to school, supposedly to represent the "dignified seniors." We were so well satisfied with the work of our former president that we re-elected him. The officers for our last year are as follows: President, Paul Greeley; Vice-President, Wilbur Tewksbury; Secretary, Rena French; Treasurer, George Ray. Miss Eaton was also re-elected class adviser, for she was so helpful and carried out all that she undertook. We feel that we are fortunate to have one so interested in our welfare with us to help us.

In September, the first thing of interest was the Corn Roast. No one who attended it will ever forget the good time. Clarence Taylor, who was then with us, ate his fill. Some of the boys were afraid they would not be in time for the food, so they arrived at the pavilion at Cobbett's Pond late in the afternoon.

The next private social was the famous "Kid Party," and kids they certainly were. We took our luncheon up to the

Academy Hall at seven o'clock, and seated in the form of a circle, we distributed the sandwiches, cake, pickles, and lolly-pops. "Duke" Weston believed himself in his second childhood, and nearly hit our Principal as he came up the stairs. After playing children's games and having a social time, we went home, well pleased with the way we spent our evening.

This spring when war was declared several of our boys left to answer the call of the nation for volunteers. These were Merrill Davis, Harold Davis, and Edwin Laws. Russell Rice has joined the artillery also.

About the middle of April "The Private Tutor" was presented. This play was exciting from beginning to end, and each part was taken well.

In all of these four happy years one of our classmates has passed away. Andrew Langley was a very quiet fellow, but his memory is still with us.

Although the class has not always been of one mind on every point, the spirit of loyalty has always been a prominent feature and coöperation always been our watchword. The last page of our history shall be devoted to today. During four years of work and loyalty to each other and to Pinkerton we have been looking forward to this day when we are to join the ranks of the Alumni. We are sorry to leave the pleasant surroundings which have been so dear to us; but as we go out to gain more fully a knowledge of the world, we hope that our loyalty to each other and to Pinkerton may be everlasting.

—R. M. F.





HONOR PUPILS.

Clifton Wentworth Smith, Myrtle Blanche Raitt, Carl Franklin Hall

**SCHOOL NEWS.**

The second week in September school opened. Nearly two hundred and fifty pupils were enrolled, and everything looked very promising for the year. A change was made in the length and number of the periods at the beginning of the year. Instead of the usual seven periods, we now have six, with an additional five minutes to each period.

Several prominent and well known men have visited us during the year, and we wish them to know that we always appreciate their calls, and especially the lessons which we obtain from their instructive talks. Among those who have visited us are Rev. Mr. Davies from New York; Prof. Charles L. Simmers of New Hampshire State College, professor of psychology and education; Prof. James L. McConaughy of Dartmouth College; Mr. Perley M. Horne, of Wellesley Farms, a Pinkerton Alumnus, class of 1888; Deputy State Superintendent Ernest N. Butterfield; Deputy State Superintendent George H. Wicher; Mr. John J. Marrinan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Ernest L. Silver, principal of Plymouth Normal School; Mr. James I. Miltimore, a graduate.

The athletic prospects, with the exception of football, have been rather discouraging. Basketball was omitted for this year, and volley ball was proposed as a substitute, but owing to the unfavorable conditions, this proposition was dropped.

The baseball season opened with a fine outlook for a strong team, but on account of the great need of agricultural labor, the trustees advised that all games be cancelled, and the time devoted to agriculture.

Several of the boys have responded to the demand for farm labor and arrangements have been made to credit them for this work.

Six of our boys have answered the country's call for volunteers and we are proud to say that they were among the first.

**CLASS PROPHECY.**

In the year 1927 I came back to Derry to see my old friends. The town had changed wonderfully in the past ten years. Broadway was lined with lofty buildings that quite put to shame the low, rambling affairs that were prevalent when I left. One handsome building on East Broadway was decorated with an electric sign: "The Olympian Theatre. Three shows daily. First-class vaudeville and motion pictures."

As I had nothing to do that afternoon, I resolved to see one of these shows. The performance did not begin for an hour, however, so I hired a jitney and started to explore the village.

The driver of the car looked at me inquiringly, and as his face looked familiar, I asked him his name. He proved to be Gail Wes-



ton. On questioning him, I found that he had tried several times in the past ten years to enlist in the United States service, but had failed each time in regard to height and weight. At last, he told me, he had tried some of Evans' Elixir and such was the marvelous result of that tonic, that within two months he had grown three inches in height and gained forty pounds. This, he said, had brought him up to the required measurements, and he had enlisted in the army. A slight wound had removed him from service and he had returned to Derry to monopolize the jitney trade. He grew enthusiastic over the Elixir and informed me that it was manufactured by Paul Evans of our class. Mr. Evans claims that the wonderful tonic was made from the juice of the apple of which he always keeps an excellent supply.

As we rode along East Broadway and came in sight of the village, I was surprised to find the Pinkerton Athletic field covered with tents. I asked Gail if the Home Guard were encamped there, but he told me that it was not the Home Guard, but that since no more athletics were allowed in Pinkerton, the field was often rented to travelling circuses, and that the tents belonged to a show that was spending a few days in Derry.

Attracted by a hubbub at one of the tents, I walked over to see what it was about. On a temporary platform stood a very portly gentleman with an extremely florid face. He was speaking in a rather weak voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is where you get your good food. We guarantee to give you a good meal for only fifty cents. Try our new sawdust bread; you can't tell it from the old-fashioned wheat kind. I have eaten it for two years, and just look at me! The picture of health!" Just then he turned towards me and I saw his face. I was certainly surprised to find Clifton Smith, one of my old friends at Pinkerton.

Passing on to the main tent of the show, I went inside and found a seat. The show was much the same as other circuses, until along toward the end, when a lady came into the ring with two magnificent horses. She put them through some excellent tricks and astonished the audience with her daring horsemanship. I immediately resolved to find out more about her, so after her act was over I went to one of the workmen and asked about her. He told me her name was Madame Callina and that she was the champion equestrienne of New England. Confidentially, however, he told me that her real name was Ruth Caldwell, and that since joining the show two years before, she had made both fame and fortune in the circus ring.

Leaving the main tent, I was attracted by some vivid posters in front of one of the smaller tents. One, a graphic illustration of Madame Thara Beda, the remarkable facial contortionist, attracted me, so I parted with a dime and went inside. The show had already begun; at the farther side of the tent, a tall, slim lady

was going through a most remarkable series of twisting the muscles of her face. That sort of exercise was evidently tiresome for she stopped to rest soon after I came in. As soon as the muscles of her face relaxed, I was astounded to recognize her as my classmate, Helen Somerville. As her eyes rested on the small audience, she saw me; she was evidently embarrassed, and to hide her confusion, she resumed her contortions. The performance being no novelty to me, I left the tent and went over to the entrance.

Since my arrival on the field, a flimsy platform had been erected and a rather short, curly-haired man, with a calm, handsome lady, who was evidently his wife, sat upon a bench in the rear of the platform. As a crowd collected, the man arose and addressed his audience. He was perfectly calm and self-possessed, and entering into the spirit of his topic, began to extoll the merits of a nerve tonic, pointing out his own miraculous cure, and also the perfect serenity of his wife. Being of a rather nervous temperament, I was interested, and drawing nearer, I was thunderstruck to recognize Carl Hall, and the calm lady by his side was our classmate, Ruth Richardson.

Overcome by these revelations I left the field and took the Chester and Derry car for the Depot. Leaving the car in front of the postoffice I was attracted by a magnificent display in the windows of Annis & Co. As I glanced into the window, I saw Myrtle Raitt standing before a counter, giving instructions to some clerks. Of course I went in, and we had a short talk. She had much interesting news to tell me of the other girls whom we knew at Pinkerton.

Renza Emerson, she said, was now the president of the Derry National Bank, and she added, confidentially, that the bank had never before known such prosperity. Mabel Webster and Rena French, she told me, had felt the call of patriotism and utilizing their ingenuity, had perfected Mr. Ford's plan of a flivver submarine, winning for themselves both fame and fortune. It was believed that their success is due to the fact that they lived so near Canobie Lake, for it is said that most of their experiments were performed in these waters. Edwin Laws, she told me, was admiral of a fleet of these submarines, and was doing most effective work in the Atlantic.

Dorothy Backman and Abbie Hollingshead, Myrtle told me, joined the Red Cross, and were now serving at the front. Reports of their most excellent service had come home. Helen Barrett was serving as cook in the ladies' branch of the Home Guard. That particular branch was frequently troubled with mysterious attacks of acute indigestion, and investigations were now being made as to whether an attempt had been made to poison the soldiers. No evidence of poison was found, however.

Mabel Bliss had attended an agricultural school after her graduation from Pinkerton and in partnership with her father, had



astonished the agricultural world with their remarkable success in that line. Annie Smart and Ethel Taylor had opened a restaurant in the thriving city of Salem, N. H., and were rapidly making their fortune, while Blanch Cook was serving as president of the New Hampshire Federation of Stenographers.

Myrtle was obliged to attend to some customers then, so I left the store and went over to the theatre. The pianist was playing an interlude before the show started and I immediately recognized the strains of that old popular song, "O, Paradise." As I sat there, half dreaming, I saw something familiar about the pianist. Could it be? Yes! it was! The pianist was Paul Greeley, the president of our class. As soon as the music stopped, I went down to him and we had a talk. He said that he played the piano there regularly, and expected soon to go on the concert stage. He was able to tell me some very interesting news about our old friends. Elsie Read had entered politics, and, defeating her male opponents, had gained a place in the New Hampshire senate at the last election. Since then she had done much to elevate the political status of the fair sex.

Lena Van Dine and Frances Friel had finished a course in Normal School and were now full-fledged schoolma'ams. It was said that they had done much toward school reform. John White, Paul told me, lived on his father's farm doing his bit toward feeding the soldiers. He had recently become a deacon in one of the local churches. And that lady-killer, George Ray, married soon after graduation and now boasts a family of five. It was said that soon after his marriage, George lost that remarkable dignity which made him such a favorite with the fair sex. Mae Bond had finished her course in college, and was now a teacher of Latin in a Massachusetts high school. Her methods were entirely original and had proved successful. No doubt she profited by her struggles in Pinkerton.

George Cole had invented a new war machine on the plan of the British "tank," but far more efficient. At the present time, he told me, George was engaged in demonstrating the machine before a commission appointed by the President for that purpose.

Just then the signal was given for the show to begin. The first reel was a news-pictorial. The chief topic of the picture was, of course, the war. One of the first objects flashed on the screen was an aeroplane, built on an entirely new principle. I was certainly surprised to find Frank Muzzey seated at the wheel of his invention. Next was shown a social event in Derry. It was a wedding of one of our society leaders to one of America's richest young men. The bride proved to be Sylvia Clement.

Another scene was taken from one of the recent battles. Astride a black horse, the general advanced with great dignity mingled with a faint expression of disgust. At last his name was flashed upon

the screen—General Wilbur Tewksbury. One of his colonels, who was attending the general, proved to be Col. James S. Martin. These two officers had received the medal of honor for distinguished service during the war.

The next picture was that famous story, "The Salvation of Sarah," featuring Mary Slickfoot, the most popular actress in the world. As the actress was shown on the screen, I nearly fell from my seat when I recognized Charlotte Plummer playing the part of Deserted Sarah. This was not the only surprise for me, however, for, after I had followed the adventures of Sarah for three reels, the curtain rose for a vaudeville act. The actress advanced down the stage and began a futurist dance. When at last her face was turned toward the audience, I immediately recognized Charlotte McDavitt.

I could stand it no longer, and I left the theatre. As I stepped into the street, I brushed against a tall man in uniform. As he had a very distinguished appearance, I asked a bystander who he was, and learned that he was Major Russel Rice of the U. S. Cavalry.

Of course I was very glad to learn about my old friends and their success in life, and on my return to my editorial office in the Boston *Herald* building, I wrote down these facts for the benefit of those others who are interested in the Class of 1917.

#### THE PHILOMATHEON SOCIETY.

The Philomatheon Society was founded by Trustee Perley Horne in 1894, for the purpose of extending the interest of debating at Pinkerton. When first started the Philomatheon Society met outside of school hours, but at the present time the meetings are held the third period every Friday in the assembly hall.

The officers of the society are elected every term and no member can hold an office for two consecutive terms. There is a main debate at every meeting, with either one or two speakers on a side. The topics for these debates are selected by the president and his aides, the Prudentials. These subjects are ones which are being widely discussed all over the country. After the main debate, extemporaneous debates are assigned to members of the society. These debates are extremely interesting, for there is general discussion by all of the members. The Philomatheon Society has done an effective work in the school for it gives the student confidence to stand and speak before an audience. When the students first enter the society, they dread to stand up and speak, but in a short time this is overcome and each one takes part in the discussions.

This year Pinkerton again entered the Southern New Hampshire Debating League, and Pinkerton Academy and Sanborn Seminary were selected to debate against each other. The subject for debate was: "*Resolved, That Universal Compulsory Military Training*

should be adopted by the United States, Sanborn drawing the affirmative and Pinkerton the negative.

The students chosen for the Pinkerton team were George C. Ray, Harold P. Davis, Wilbur E. Tewksbury, and Leander H. Poor alternate, and they were excellently coached by Miss Eaton, a member of the Pinkerton staff. The debating team worked for six weeks, looking through periodicals and other reference books for material on the subject. They also wrote to all of the leading Peace Leagues in the country for any material they had on the negative side of the question.

There was a fairly large attendance at the debate, which was encouraging to the Pinkerton speakers. The members of the Sanborn team spoke with an ease and grace that was admirable, but the arguments put forth by them were not superior to those of the Pinkerton speakers. The Pinkerton team showed a great lack of training in the art of public speaking and this is undoubtedly the reason the Pinkerton team lost the debate.

As has happened occasionally in the past, there were no experienced debaters in the school from which to choose the team, and since all the debaters this year were Seniors, the same situation is to be expected next year. This difficulty could be removed to a great extent, however, by having public interclass debates. The advantage of this preparedness plan was very plain to the class of 1905, who presented a silver cup to the school, for the purpose of encouraging interclass debates. Each year the numerals of the class who won the final debate were to be engraved upon the cup. But the only numerals on the cup are 1908. Evidently the interest died out after that year; however, there is no reason why these debates should not be continued again next year. There are some excellent debaters left in the school and these interclass debates would be a great aid in developing them, so they would be able to compete successfully with other schools.





SENIORS.



JUNIORS.



SOPHOMORES.



## THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

Sitting near the window of her room, Mrs. Arnold idly watched the stream of people and motors passing through the street below. There was an expression of discontent upon her face that was hard to understand when one looked about the luxuriously furnished room, of which harmony was the keynote. No doubt she was lonely, for she had lived in her large house alone, except for her servants, since the death of her husband, nearly two years before. Partly because of this unconfessed loneliness she had come to think of herself more and more, until even her nearest friends had begun to regard her as an utterly selfish person. She entered into some of the social life of the city, but only into that part which caused her no trouble or sacrifice. But now she had grown tired of these things and wanted something new, and it was this feeling which made the discontented look on her face more pronounced than usual. "What is there to do?" she said to herself. "I want something really interesting but there's nothing save the old round for me."

With a little gesture, as if trying to throw off a burden, she picked up a newspaper that was lying on a stand beside her, and while turning the pages aimlessly her eye fell upon an article outlining the work of the Red Cross in her city, and making an appeal for funds and workers. She had known of the Red Cross before, of course, but had never taken any particular interest in the work. This time, however, something in the appeal drew her, and almost before realizing it she had made up her mind to go to the headquarters the next day and offer herself as a worker. "At least," as she said to herself, "it will fill up some of the empty hours."

So the next morning found her at the Red Cross rooms where she worked for the greater part of the forenoon. That evening as she sat by her window, the discontented look was not as pronounced as it had been the previous day—although why she could not herself have said. She went again the next day and the next, and one afternoon after the leader had made an appeal for more funds she, urged by an unexplainable force, pledged herself for a generous sum. She became one of the foremost workers and as she sat by the window in the early evenings she was no longer idle but worked busily on bandages, garments for soldiers, or knitting.

Each week there was a lecture in connection with the society, and one afternoon the need of the suffering allies was vividly brought before the audience. After the meeting the president spoke privately to some of the wealthier members. Mrs. Arnold among them, and asked if they would each send contributions. Chiefly to please her leader Mrs. Arnold said that she would, and prepared, without any particular interest, to pack a box.

As she packed, however, her interest grew, and remembering various things that the lecturer had said were needed, she added article

after article until she had a large amount. The discontented look was nearly gone now and the evening after her contribution left, her heart was lighter than it had been for many months. Nevertheless, after her gifts were sent she thought little more about them until one day, several weeks later, on looking through her mail, she saw a letter with a Belgium stamp. She slit the envelope with real eagerness, and drew out a fat epistle, written in a childish hand, which ran thus:

"DEAR MADAME ARNOLD:

"I am writing to thank you for the beautiful gifts you sent here to Belgium, many of which I received. My name is Helda Maes, and I am eleven years old. Before this awful war began I lived with my father, mother, grandfather, and two big brothers in a little cottage in the country, and we were all very happy together.

"But when the war came, my father and brothers had to fight and were all killed. A few months later my mother died, and left my grandfather and me all alone. I take care of him, for he is very old, and we live the best we can, but things aren't much as they used to be before the Germans came. Everything around is torn up by shells, and one burst through our roof and since there was no one to fix it the hole is still there. My grandfather is not very well and I am so afraid that he is going to die too. If he does, I'll be all alone.

"I could never tell you how terrible the war is, and I don't know what we should do but for the good, kind friends in America. We were hungry when your box came, but there were so many good things in it that we are not hungry any more.

"I went to school before the war and learned some English, which I love to study. A young American doctor, who has charge of a hospital near here, has taught me a little more and is helping me to write this letter.

"I have pressed a tulip, one of the few flowers left in our garden, and am sending it to you. It is all I can do to thank you for your lovely gifts, but I hope that you will know how much I appreciate them.

"Your grateful little friend,

HELDA MAES."

Mrs. Arnold was sincerely touched by this letter, and at once decided to find out more about the child. She answered Helda's letter, asking the name of the American doctor, and at the same time she sent another box of supplies.

In due time she received an answer from Helda, which told her the doctor's name. She wrote to him, requesting him to inform her further concerning Helda's circumstances and a few weeks later she received a reply, saying that the child's grandfather had died and that she was left entirely alone.

Although Mrs. Arnold had never cared for children she immediately decided to adopt Helda, if possible. She wrote two letters, one to Helda asking her to come to America, and another to the doctor, asking him to see her safely started on the journey if she decided to take it, and in a short time she was notified that Helda was on the way.

A few days later she met a strange little figure at the dock, and at the first glance a feeling of dismay overwhelmed her, but when Helda saw her new friend her face lighted up so wonderfully that Mrs. Arnold's heart went out to her at once, and her misgivings vanished. She then took the child to her beautiful home, where a new life began for both.

At first Helda was very much bewildered and of course missed her home land, but she soon became accustomed to her new surroundings, and the hours which she and her foster-mother spent together became happier each day. Mrs. Arnold took great pleasure in perfecting Helda's English, and while she taught she also learned—learned to love the child and to value her affectionate gratitude more than anything else she possessed.

The look of discontent was entirely gone now, and one evening, as she sat by her window thinking of the wonderful change which had come into her life, she said to herself, "What great happiness I have found just by doing a little to help others!"

—L. E. S., '19.

#### SOCIALS.





## THE CROW.

Caw! Caw! Caw!

You, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen and Faculty, can't imagine how glad I was to see you back. It is so lonesome here for a crow when you are all gone. When I flew down from the belfry to get something to eat, I didn't see a person I know but Mr. Howe.

There were so many new people in and about the building at first that I thought I should never learn all of their names, but now I am acquainted with them all. My! but there's a big family of Freshmen, and they look pretty green now, but cheer up! Freshmen, you'll know a thing or two before you finish your courses at the Academy.

At the beginning of the year, I heard people utter expressions like this: "Look out for my arm!" "My! but that hurts!" "Did the doctor hurt you much?" "When did you have it done?" My curiosity was aroused and I pondered over the subject, but could not decide what it meant until I heard that all students had to be vaccinated this year. I do hope they won't make me be vaccinated.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 14th, I chanced to be flying over Birch street, and saw some people whom I soon recognized as Seniors. There was a large group so I thought something must be up. I waited until a barge came along and then went with them. As we drew near Cobbett's Pond, the moon rose over the water and seemed to show us that the night had been planned for us. The people in the hayrack arrived at the pavilion before we did, so the "eats" were all ready for us. We had lots of fun roasting corn over a blazing fire and toasting marshmallows. After supper we danced, played games, and sang. Lo! and behold! visitors appeared upon the scene, but they went home feeling friendly toward us after we had shared our "eats" with them. The singing and cheering must have awakened the people who lived on the road which we traversed, but they must realize that a Senior Corn Roast does not come every day nor even every year.

Everybody seemed to be having a very fine time at the Seniors' reception to the Freshmen when I looked in through the window on Friday night, September twenty-third. The hall was very prettily decorated and the orchestra played splendidly. No one was surprised to think it went off so well, because everything the Seniors do is exactly right.

One night I saw lights down in chapel and flew down, but by the time I arrived there the lights had gone out. I flew in, unseen, and found out it was a Hallowe'en social. Oh! but the place looked spookish. Everybody had such a good time. There was even a fortune-teller there, but I wouldn't dare repeat what she told me.

Our Campfire girls are a very thoughtful group. I was surprised to see so many clothes, vegetables, toys, and even money on the Christmas trees set up in chapel for the poor and needy children of

the community. A good many hearts were made glad by those things, I guess.

I just love a masquerade. I never had such a thoroughly enjoyable time as I had Friday, February 2. It was such fun to see all of my friends dressed up and having a good time. It took me some time to pick out the staff, but I succeeded finally. At some of our masquerades we have many duplicates, but there was a great variety of costumes at this one. I just knew that dear little Scotch lassie would receive the prize. We didn't recognize Edwin, did we? The Juniors certainly did themselves credit.

The very saddest thing that ever happened to us was Mr. Smith's departure. He has been such a good friend to us all that we hated to see him go. He had charge of the last chapel exercise. He gave us a fine speech and said he shouldn't forget us even if he were far away.

We were very glad to welcome Mr. Healy, the new coach, to Pinkerton, weren't we?

Miss Eaton chaperoned the American history classes to Concord to visit the legislature. We started at eight and reached there at ten. We visited the house of representatives, the public library, and met Governor Keyes in the morning. We had lunch at Nardini's and saw Sam King, one of our old classmates, there. In the afternoon we visited the senate, the state prison and the insane asylum.

The Seniors looked forward to the Kid Party with as much pleasure as to any school activity. The girls looked very coquettish in short dresses and the boys were full of mischief. The refreshments were furnished by the girls, while the boys paid for the orchestra.

I was surprised to hear that we lost the debate. I am sure our boys must have done remarkably well, even though they were new at it.

Pinkerton sent five of its best boys forth to the conquest not long ago. Pinkerton certainly has some patriotic spirit. We didn't raise our boys to be sailors, nevertheless they are in training now. The girls are patriotic, too. Why, I heard the Campfire girls made \$50 selling tags for the Red Cross Association. Aren't they clever?

The Juniors decided to give a social instead of a play this year. They had rather a unique way of charging admission. If one was fortunate enough to be just five feet tall he paid fifteen cents. A cent was charged for every inch over five feet and every inch under.

The trustees cancelled all athletics this year on account of the war. This was sad news to a large number of people, but the fellows who hadn't earned their "P's" before this year, received them just the same. I hear Manager Weston was very much pleased with his.

The Senior play was a howling success this year. The name of it was "The Private Tutor." I always attend such things and I think this one was absolutely the best ever given. The Senior class has some talent. The stage looked so pretty and every person was

just suited to his or her part. Miss Eaton cannot be commended too highly.

Well, I must say goodbye for this year. I hate to have the Seniors leave. I wish every Senior the best success in life possible, especially those who are going to attend college. I hope they will visit us often and that they will be sure and come back for reunion next graduation.

—P. R. E.

#### CLASS NAMES.

Helen Barrett	Bright Eyes
Mae Bond	Linguist
Dorothy Backman	Belle of Beaver Lake
Mabel Bliss	Candy Kid
Ruth Caldwell	Talkative Tessie
Howard Clark	Dear Old Mother
Sylvia Clement	Miss Primrose
George Cole	Our Hero
Blanche Cook	Lady of Leisure
Harold Davis	Class Clown
Merrill Davis	Our School Mistress
Renza Emerson	Maizie, the Motor Maid
Paul Evans	Londonderry Lulie
Rena French	Admires Royalty
Frances Friel	Here awhile, there awhile
Paul Greeley	Believes in "Paradise" on Earth
Carl Hall	"Along came Ruth!"
Abby Hollingshead	Oh, "Katish"
Edwin Laws	Despises Cigarettes
Charlotte McDavitt	Fashion Plate
James Martin	Likes Boyd Road
Frank Muzzey	Beware! a shark
Charlotte Plummer	Buxom-blue Eyes
Myrtle Raitt	Class Philosopher
Ruth Richardson	Likes Halls (?)
George Ray	Some Class
Annie Smart	Class Cook
Helen Somerville	Question Box
Carl Smith	Dignified Senior
Clifton Smith	Gum Drop
Clarence Taylor	"Can't be Beat"
Ethel Taylor	Prefers (Cole) weather
Wilbur Tewksbury	Poor Fred!
Lena Van Dine	From the Big City
Mabel Webster	Class Baby
John White	Latin Shark
Gail Weston	Our Minstrel Hero
Elsie Read.	The Prodigal

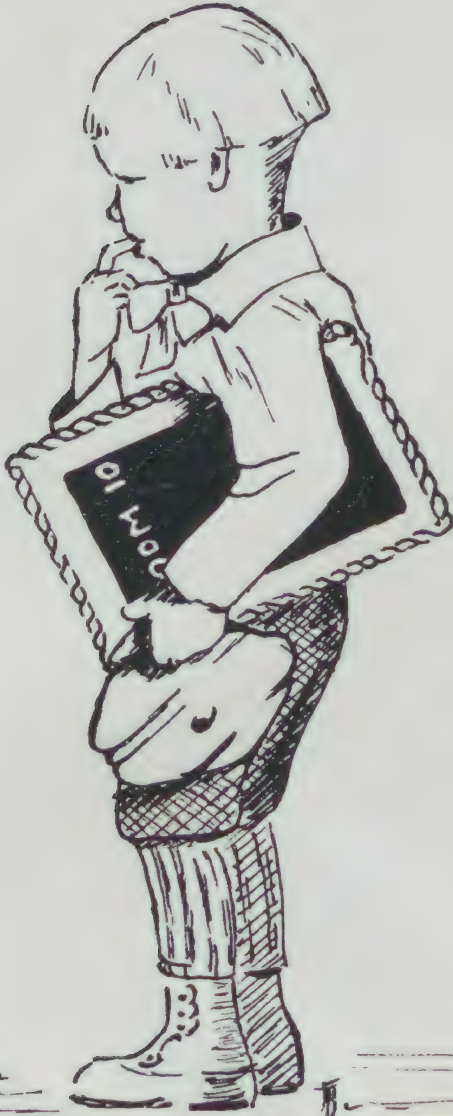


NAME.	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.
Backman, Dorothy	Toots	"For the love of Pete"
Barrett, Helen	Snooks	"Well, of all things.
Bliss, Mabel	Toodles	"Is that so?"
Bond, Mae	Maybe	"There's a reason"
Caldwell, Ruth	Maisy	"Oh! Thunder"
Clark, Howard	Mother	"Oh! Charlotte"
Clement, Sylvia	Sook	"Goodness"
Cole, George	Coley	"Stands to reason"
Cook, Blanche	Cookie	"Oh, I was scared blue!"
Davis, Harold	Junk	"Oh, there you are!"
Davis, Merrill	Pee Wee	"Give them to the other fellow, he's saving them"
Emerson, Renza	Paul	"Well, what do you know about that?"
Evans, Paul	Blondy	"For the love of Mike"
French, Rena	Cutie	"I should worry"
Friel, Francis	Franceese	"My word"
Greeley, Paul	Policubus	"What cha' laughing at?"
Hall, Carl	Rattles	"Not necessarily"
Hollingshead, Abby	Holly	"Well, that's just like me"
Laws, Edwin	Lawsie	"By Jove"
Martin, James	Shamus	"For cat's sake"
McDavitt, Charlotte	Peggie	"Lordy Moses!"
Muzzey, Frank	Oh! Paquet	"Is it my turn?"
Plummer, Charlotte	Lottie	"My gracious"
Raitt, Myrtle	Myrtie	"Oh don't you know?"
Ray, George	Razor	"Ye gods"
Richardson, Ruth	Ruthie, dear	"My goodness"
Read, Elsie	Snap	"For the love of mud"
Smart, Annie	Mutt	"Ye gods and little fishes"
Smith, Clifton	Fat	"Not prepared"
Taylor, Ethel	Honey	"Something or other"
Tewksbury, Wilbur	Tewky	"Prune juice"
Van Dine, Lena	Van	"Good-night"
Webster, Mabel	Mib	"For the love of soup"
Weston, Gail	Duke	"Well, I swan"
White, John	Oh, Johnnie	"Sure thing"
Somerville, Helen	Helene	"I thought I'd die"



FRESHMEN.

FRESHMEN.





## GRINDS.

Mr. H.—Senior English—"What is the matter with this sentence, "She is light complected."

P. G., '17—"But she isn't."

Miss E.—Economics—"What is the most dangerous industry?"

B. C., '17—"Match-making."

Mr. H.—Senior English—"The burglar stealthily creeps up toward the safe, working the combination, removes the money and *flies*, no I mean *flies*."

Mr. S.—Senior English—"What is meant by pooling your money?"

P. E., '17 (decidedly)—"Throwing it away playing pool."

C. M., '17—Ethics to Mr. P.—"Oh, papa, can't I do it?"

French I—Sophomore writing on the board, "*Las Fils*."

Miss F.—"You have a lady son there, haven't you?"

Mr. S.—English III—"What would b be, Bee?"

"Wouldn't it be such a surprise if H. D. '17 came to French on time."

Miss C.—English II—"What is the singular number of the noun sheep?"

E. S., '19—"Lamb."

Bob crossed the bridge at midnight,  
But the cold wind touched him not,  
For he was hitting the ties for Derry,  
And the night was beastly hot.

"Can any pupil tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed?" asked the teacher.

"Yes'm I can," called little Johnny Baker. "It was signed at the bottom."—*Ex.*

"Helen, can you tell me what a 'myth' is?" said the teacher.

"Yeth, ma'am," lisped Helen. "It ith a woman that hath not got any huthband."—*Ex.*

A stranger entered the country grocery store in a small town and asked for all the eggs on hand. As he put the last one in the bag the grocer said facetiously:

"Looks as though you were going to see 'Hamlet' tonight.

"No sir, came the grim answer, "I am going to play 'Hamlet.'"  
—*Ex.*

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"No sir," was the reply.

"Weel, don't you think you had better have one?"

"No, sir. I don't need one. I am going to tell the truth."—  
*Ex.*

A. E. H., '17—French III—Translating, *Ses pieds, sans bas ni souliers, saignaient*—"Her feet, without shoes or stocking were bare."

#### TO THE FRESHMEN.

Babes you are  
Babies forever  
You'll never grow out of it  
Never! No, never!

G. C., '17—Chemistry—"What makes glass so high?"

C. H., '17—"Because it is so expensive."

H. F., '18—After using nearly a box of matches and sorting all the test tubes he could find, he distributed them around so he wouldn't have to wash them."

A few days ago M. R., '17, was very busy studying in Room 10, when she was suddenly disturbed by Miss F., who was teaching in the next room. She must have been very angry for she screamed at the top of her voice, "I said quiet here!"

Someone kindly inform N. H., '18, that she shouldn't be so curious in smelling of all the chemicals in the laboratory. She might accidentally smell of a dangerous one.

"Say, Tessie, what is a sponge?"

Answer: Easy, a sponge is anybody who reads a borrowed copy of the "Critic Annual."

Officer: "I don't know why men grumble. This soup is really excellent."

Sergeant: "They wouldn't grumble, sir, if the cook would admit this was soup and not insist that it is coffee."

Rather noisy, looking wise, feeling important, hoping to rise—  
That's Sophomore.—*Ex.*

Teachers cross,  
Zeros toss,  
Students sad,  
Lessons bad,  
Wonder why.  
'Tis Monday.

—*Ex.*

"Latin is a language dead,  
As dead as dead can be,  
It killed off all the Romans,  
And now it's killing me."

—*Ex.*

We are getting very exact. We learned that Christianity came in the year 597 with St. Augustine at 4.30 P. M.

New free translation has been established by H. S., '17. It goes like this.

"The robe was covered over with little dinger-dangers of lace."

#### QUESTION BOX.

Please answer by return mail.

"Where did you get that diamond, Mae?"

"Did mamma buy you that pretty tie, George?"

"Thelma, where did you and Ethel get those stockings?"

#### THE ADVANTAGE OF AN EDUCATION.

This great world has so rapidly improved within the last century, and a far greater number of young men and women are grasping a thorough education that such training is the only solid foundation for success.

Young men who can think clearly, can conceive, create, and carry out, are not so plentiful that even a single one will be overlooked. It is no special art and it reflects but little credit upon any man simply to fill a position. That is expected of him; he is engaged to do that, and it is only a fair return for a certain payment made. The art lies in doing more than is expected; in making more of a position than has ever been made before. A quick conception is needed here; the ability to view a broad horizon, for it is the liberal-minded man, not the man of narrow limitations, who makes the success of today. A young man showing such qualities to an employer does not remain in one position long.

There are traps into which young men in business often fall; a disregard for small things, and an absolute fear of making mistakes. One of the surest keys to success lies in thoroughness. Of course, errors do not always mean carelessness, but they are sometimes costly in business.

The crown and glory of an education and of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself and an estate in general goodwill, dignifying every point and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always points out the qualities, general confidence, and respect of mankind.

Character is human nature in its very best form. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without good-



ness, are powers of mischief only. Truthfulness, loyalty and goodness are qualities that do not hang on any man's breath; and he who does possess them, carries with him a power which is irresistible. He is strong to do good, to resist evil, and to bear up under the hardest difficulty and misfortune.

Anyone studying, or in business, in this country today has advantages exceeding those of any of the past generations. We live in an advancing country, where every success is possible; where energy and enterprise are appreciated, and an opportunity or a market is always open; where a man can make himself just what he may choose.

Therefore, a person who wishes to succeed in this world must first build a substantial foundation on which to work successfully, and that foundation is an education.

—L. R., '18.

#### A LETTER.

\*DEAR READER:

While wandering through the halls of Pinkerton the other day, I chanced to pick up an unsealed envelope. Curiosity led me to open it and read the script inside. Then, realizing the truth the letter held I thought something should be done to show the students the present condition at Pinkerton. I could think of no better way than to put before your gaze the selfsame letter and let you remedy the catastrophe that has come upon us as best you can.—THE EDITOR.

PINKERTON ACADEMY, May .., '17.

U. S. S. TOPEKA;

My Dear Howid, Edwing, Merril, Haroil and Arter,

Can't you boys get an honorable discharge or sumthin'? Come back to Pinkerton and to your darlink Leach und Lyming. Since you have gone this place is like a place for the dead or an Old Ladies' Home. When one steps in the hallway he can hear the echo resound through the halls. If anyone dropped a pin behind you you would jump a mile. It is now a disgrace to be sent to the office, when before you left, it was fun. I haven't heard good hearty laughter or got hit in the back of the head with a book since you left. I miss these little acts of love. Before you left, it was a pleasure to come to school early, spend your time at the basement A. A., and then go out upon the athletic field to play ball. BUT, now, one hasn't the heart to come to school early for he knows there will be no excitement; he knows there will be no excuse for not studying as there is no one to shoot spitballs, spill his ink, shove him out of the seat, kick him in the shins or in any way remind him that he is alive.

One knows that after he has studied hard all the morning he will go home instead of to the athletic field and he also knows that he will swing a hoe and not a bat.

If you boys can't come back to us, send us some receipts for starting a rough house; tell us how to make a noise or send us a good prescription that would put us out of our misery the quickest.

Really, boys, you can't begin to understand what hard straits we are in. Listen. Even in chapel when we have singing there is not a sound heard that should not be heard. We all sit back and listen to the victrola play, "Ah, I have sighed to rest me."

Please answer at the earliest possible date, as I greatly fear some of us will pass away in these joy-deserted and gloom-infested halls.

Your despondent pal,

.....

P. S. Leach says he will let you drive his team all you want if you will only come back.

\*To be taken with a grain of salt—EDITOR.

#### EXCHANGES.

The PINKERTON ANNUAL wishes to thank all the schools that have sent us their papers during the year, although we have changed our school paper from "THE CRITIC" to an ANNUAL. We hope to continue these exchanges next year. We have been fortunate in having had so many this year.

*The Adelpian*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*The Anselmian*, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.

*The Anchor*, Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

*The Argus*, Gardner, Mass.

*The Boston University Beacon*, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

*The Buccia*, Portland, Maine.

*Child's Work*, Howard District School, Boston, Mass.

*The Clarion*, West Hartford H. S., West Hartford, Conn.

*The Colby Echo*, Waterville, Me.

*Colby Voice*, New London, N. H.

*The Dial*, Brattleboro H. S., Brattleboro, Vt.

*The Echo*, Winthrop H. S., Winthrop, N. H.

*E. L. H. S. Oracle*, Auburn, Me.

*The Enterprise*, Keene H. S., Keene, N. H.

*The Erisaphian*, Waxahachie H. S., Waxahachie, Texas.

*The Folio*, Jordan H. S., Lewiston, Me.

*The Forester*, Dallas, Texas.

*The Index*, Worcester, Mass.

*The Keen Kronicle*, Keene Normal School, Keene, N. H.

*The Lakonian*, Laconia, N. H.

*The Lookout*, Derby H. S., Derby, Conn.

*The Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

*The Megaphone*, Newton, Mass.

- The M. H. S. Oracle*, Manchester H. S., Manchester, N. H.  
*The New Hampshire*, Durham, N. H.  
*The Olympian*, Biddeford, Me.  
*The Pioneer*, Reading, Mass.  
*The Polytechnic*, Troy, N. Y.  
*The Prospect*, State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.  
*Red and Gray*, Lynn English H. S., Lynn, Mass.  
*The Register*, Boston Latin School, Warren Ave., Boston, Mass.  
*The Sanborn Echo*, Kingston, N. H.  
*The Tahoma*, Tacoma, Washington.  
*The Tattler*, Nashua, N. H.  
*Track Winds*, Worcester, Mass.  
*The Tripod*, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.  
*The Tu—Endie—Wel*, Point Pleasant, W. Va.  
*The Vermont Pioneer*, Randolph Center, Vt.  
*The Vexillum*, Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.  
*The Voice*, Lawrence H. S., Lawrence, Mass.  
*The Volunteer*, Concord H. S., Concord, N. H.  
*The Wigwam*, North Yakima, Washington.

—J. S. M., '17.





BASEBALL.

Top row, left to right: James S. Martin, Robert Beckley, Clarence Cross, Lymah Shackett.  
Bottom row: Wilbur Tewksbury, Russell Rice, Gail Weston, Paul Greeley, Coburn Neal.



# FOOTBALL.

Top row: Harold P. Davis, Russell Rice, Paul Evans, Mr. Smith, Coach.

Middle row: Edwin Laws, J. Merrill Davis, Coburn, Neal, Wilbur Stearns, Lyman, Shackelford, Arthur Merrill.

Front row: Leonard Frazier, Howard Campbell, Clarence Cross, Wilbur Brewster, James Jr. Martin.

FOOTBALL.





## ATHLETICS.

The football team did not look as promising the first week of school as we expected, for several of the boys had left school. Captain King left Pinkerton to go to Concord High, and his absence made an open place at tackle. Cross was elected Captain for the rest of the season, and Tewksbury manager.

Although the Coach was up against many hardships handling the green men, he succeeded in developing one of the best teams that Pinkerton has ever had. The team consisted of light men, but grit and practice pulled them through with a fair amount of success.

The first game of the season was played at Manchester, but unfortunately the Manchester boys outweighed Pinkerton. The score:

MANCHESTER 52, PINKERTON 0.

The next game was played on the Pinkerton Athletic field with Nashua High School. Many gains were made by Merrill Davis and Howard Campbell. The score:

NASHUA 0, PINKERTON 26.

The men who were green at the first of the season were now showing great results under the instructions of Mr. Smith, their coach.

The next game on the schedule was with Punchard High at Andover. The score:

PUNCHARD 0, PINKERTON 0.

The Pinkerton team played the Amesbury eleven on the Pinkerton field. Tewksbury broke up many of Amesbury's plays. The score:

AMESBURY 0, PINKERTON 18.

Punchard High played the Pinkerton team on the Pinkerton Athletic field. It will be remembered that the students supported their team well. The score:

PUNCHARD 13, PINKERTON 2.

The next game was played with Nashua High School at Nashua. From the first, things went in favor of Nashua, but our boys fought hard to the end. The score:

NASHUA 12, PINKERTON 6.

One of the final games of the season was played with Amesbury High at Amesbury. The score:

AMESBURY 6, PINKERTON 14.

The last game was played on Thanksgiving Day with the Alumni. This game is always looked forward to by both the students and Alumni. After a very interesting contest, the score was:

ALUMNI 0, PINKERTON 0.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

**The Value of Normal School Training.**

The belief in preparedness or special training for a particular line of work has become almost universal during recent years. This is especially true of work in the schoolroom.

Fifty years ago there were few opportunities for training in this line of work. Would-be teachers in the country usually supplemented their district school course with a few terms in an academy. In some of these institutions there were so-called "Teachers' classes." The work in such classes consisted of a review of the subjects usually taught in country schools. No attention was given to methods of teaching or the problem of discipline.

The possession of an academic diploma was considered the best possible equipment for a teacher and a completion of the high school course was all that was expected of city candidates. When the kindergarten came to be recognized as a part of every complete school system the uninitiated believed that here was an opportunity for the young women who had not been able to attend higher institutions of learning. A need of special training to enable a teacher to play games with little children, to tell them stories and teach them songs seemed altogether needless. By a slow process the general public has come to realize that this beginning of child-training is founded upon psychological principles and that only the thoughtful and highly cultured teacher is competent to undertake the important work.

It is true that many untrained teachers have done excellent work. The memory of their inspiration and faithful service is very dear to some of us. There can be no question that the teaching instinct is a gift, which the untrained teacher may possess, and the lack of which no amount of training can ever quite make good. Yet the most gifted candidate for pedagogic honors must learn from an experience often painful or tedious both to her and to her pupils. It is the province of the Normal School to substitute for this experience a course which by illustration, study and precept may save much valuable time.

A noted educator has said that small credit is due the successful teacher of bright or even normal children. Her skill is shown in the development of the subnormal,—the either mentally or physically unfit. It is the recognition of this fact and the adaptation of methods to the needs of different groups which gives normal training its greatest value. Even children of average mental capacity develop differently. A teacher may waste a great amount of time and strength in her effort to lead children to think alike and to show similar if not identical results.

Psychology teaches us that no two children are alike and the teacher should be able to recognize the stage in the child's develop-

ment when he is ready for the presentation of a new subject. No better proof of the truth of these conditions can be given than in the results shown by the differentiation of classes. Most important among these are the classes for the mentally slow children. The advantage of such segregation is two-fold. The average or normal child. Under the guidance of teachers who have had special training and the slow child has not the discouragement resulting from constant comparison of his poor work with that of the mentally alert child is no longer defrauded of his just share of the teachers' time. In doing for this work such children sometimes develop in a surprising manner. There are disciplinary classes for wayward children, which often show equally happy results. On the other hand there are rapid advancement classes for unusually alert children.

For the physically defective there are many provisions. Work for crippled children began in private schools but these have in several instances become a part of public school systems, following the example of foreign countries, where excellent work has been done for these unfortunates. Open-air classes for anaemic children have also demonstrated their great value in a community where the underfed and poorly nourished are all too common.

We have schools for the deaf, for those defective in vision, for stammerers, and for non-English speaking children. Athletic and manual training make other divisions while the recently established continuation schools for children not able to remain in regular classrooms until they have attained the age prescribed by law have a character all their own. This complex classification must render our schools vastly more efficient than when there existed a uniformity of composition, plan and purpose.

For this greater efficiency the Normal School is responsible, either directly or indirectly. There may be no provision in the average Normal School for training in these special lines of work. Its function is to help teachers to begin their work effectively and intelligently. This intelligence once stimulated helps the teacher to observe, to compare, to draw conclusions, to adapt means to conditions and to make each year of service more valuable than those that have gone before.

The teacher of the country school works under great disadvantages. The many grades, the lack of material, the lack of segregation like that mentioned above, complicate her problem immensely. Yet, if difficult, the situation is exceedingly interesting, and the difficulties make the help of the Normal School a necessity if the best possible results are to be obtained. The trained teacher will recognize in her class possibly all the grades and conditions to be found in a large school system. Although she can do slight justice to such groups yet her realization of the fact that such differences exist greatly enhances the value of her teaching. In her recognition of the needs of the individual she has taken a long step toward success.



A Normal School training enables a young teacher to begin her work intelligently. The experience of others supplies her own lack of experience and thus much time is saved and many failures averted.

Still greater good results from a knowledge of psychological principles involved in all real teaching. Such a teacher is never quite satisfied with her work but strives continually to improve upon what has gone before. She will never attain her ideal but in her striving for it she will be a power for good which will last far beyond the period of her activities. Let us encourage our young people to secure the training that shall make them efficient teachers. The future is sure to bring tremendous problems to the educational world.

To solve such problems there can be no better preparedness than the awakened intelligence, the habit of careful observation and deductive reasoning, which are some of the results of Normal School training.

—MARY E. PERKINS.

#### THE BIENNIAL REUNION.

The seventh biennial reunion of the Pinkerton Academy was held February 10, 1917, at the Quincy House, Boston, and brought together fifty-seven former students and members of the faculty.

The social hour from 5.30 to 6.30 P. M. gave opportunity to renew old acquaintances, and all too soon the hour for dinner called us to the dining-room, where after a blessing was asked by the Rev. Henry Cunningham, dinner was served.

At the close of the dinner Mr. Frank S. Adams, chairman of the committee, called the meeting to order and asked for the report of the last meeting.

In the absence of the secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Haskins Webster, the report was read by Miss Lillian B. Poor, who also read letters of regret from Rev. J. P. Newell, Prof. G. W. Bingham and others.

Mr. Adams then presented for consideration a plan for a more businesslike organization of our Alumni meetings. Up to the present time the biennial meetings have been directed by a committee appointed at each meeting to hold over to the next reunion.

There have been occasions when this committee has been reduced to a committee of one with no power to enlarge its membership and difficulty has beset the path of the individual.

The plan offered, recommended formal organization; also that the time of meetings in Boston should be changed from biennial to triennial, such meetings to alternate at eighteen-month intervals, with summer meetings to be held at Derry.

No objection being raised to the adoption of such change of pro-

cedure it was voted to organize and the chairman was instructed to appoint a committee of three to nominate officers to serve for the next three years.

Miss Mary E. Perkins, Mr. John C. Chase and Mr. G. F. Bampton were asked to serve on the committee and later reported the following list of officers:

President, Perley L. Horne, Secretary, Frederick W. Poor, Assistant Secretary, Miss Ethel T. Tewksbury, Treasurer, Frederick J. Sheerd, Jr. Miss Abigail P. Hazelton and Mrs. Grace P. Crocker were also nominated to serve with the officers as executive committee.

It was voted to ask a membership fee of fifty cents.

At the close of the business meeting Mr. Adams introduced Mr. Horne as toastmaster, who responded most graciously and introduced the following speakers:

Rev. R. W. Haskins—"The principles upon which Pinkerton is based."

Mr. Howard W. Poor, the principal of the school, who spoke of its present aims.

Mr. Henry Goodwin spoke in a reminiscent mood, recalling many experiences while a member of the school.

Mr. John C. Chase, Miss Mary E. Perkins and Mr. George Dinsmore talked most entertainingly for all too brief a time, recalling experiences of days at Pinkerton and paralleling them with life today.

Mr. W. T. Morse spoke of the *Derry News* and its relation to the Academy, recalling many distinguished alumni who had contributed to its columns.

He was followed by Mr. R. L. O'Brien, who rounded out the evening's program with a view of the past and a prophecy for the future.

We were entertained between speeches above mentioned by singing by Miss Mary Sefton of Derry, and piano solos by Miss Grace Warner of Brookline. Miss Warner played among other numbers one of her own compositions, "The Ballet of Bacchus," which has received most favorable comment in musical circles of New York and Boston this year.

The school songs also held a prominent place in the program.

At the close of the meeting, Mr. O'Brien extended an invitation to all to accompany him on a visit to the Herald building, where an opportunity to watch the making of a newspaper could be enjoyed.

This invitation was accepted by all who could escape the imperative call of "the last train," and those who participated in the personally-conducted party were amply repaid.

LILLIAN B. POOR, *Acting-Secretary*.

Those present were:

Mr. Frank S. Adams, Brookline	Mrs. Marion Richardson Heath, Lynn
Mrs. Frank S. Adams, Brookline	Mrs. Marion Stevens Holton, Lowell
Mr. Charles Adams, Somerville	Mr. Perley L. Horne, Wellesley
Mrs. Caroline Pullen Adams, Brookline	Mrs. Perley L. Horne, Wellesley
Mr. Geo. F. Bampton, W. Roxbury	Miss Emma Knight, Beverly
Mrs. Geo. F. Bampton, W. Roxbury	Miss Beatrice Lochlan, Enfield
Mr. Greenleaf K. Bartlett, Derry	Mrs. Ada Eastman Libby, Melrose
Mr. C. P. Batchelder, Boston	Dr. Waterman Lyon, New Britain, Conn.
Miss Batchelder, Boston	Mr. Frank M. Marsh, Milton
Miss Marion Blood, Beverly	Mrs. Annie Noyes Marsh, Milton
Mrs. Maria Montgomery Brickett, Lynn	Mr. Walter R. Martin, Derry
Mrs. E. B. Burnham, Enfield	Mr. James Morrison, Cambridge
Miss Grace Calder, So. Hanson	Miss Elizabeth Morrison, Cambridge
Mr. John C. Chase, Derry	Mr. William T. Morse, Derry
Mrs. John C. Chase, Derry	Mr. R. L. O'Brien, Brookline
Miss Marguerite Clark, Derry	Mrs. Mellie Morse Page, Atkinson
Mrs. Grace Pillsbury Crooker, Belmont	Miss Mary E. Perkins, Brookline
Rev. Henry C. Cunningham, Boston	Miss Alice B. Poor, Dorchester
Miss Marguerite I. Cutler, Holbrook	Miss Lillian B. Poor, Dorchester
Mr. Edward Dana, Springfield	Mr. Howard Poor, Derry
Mrs. Edward Dana, Springfield	Miss Mary E. Sefton, Derry
Mr. Geo. W. Dinsmore, Lawrence	Mr. Frederick J. Shepard, Jr., Newton
Mrs. Geo. W. Dinsmore, Lawrence	Mrs. Frederick J. Shepard, Jr., Newton
Miss Flewelling, Derry	Miss Ethel T. Tewksbury, Derry
Mrs. Leon Estes, So. Hanson	Miss Grace H. Warner, Brookline
Mr. Henry Goodwin, Boston	Mrs. H. S. Warner, Brookline
Rev. Robert Haskins, Reading	Miss Caroline Wheeler, Worcester
Miss Abigail P. Hazelton, Somerville	Miss Gertrude Whipple, Boston

### THE CHARLES M. FLOYD SCHOOL.

For some years the town of Derry has been in great need of additional school room.

In 1916, a sum of \$25,000 was voted to be raised for a new schoolhouse to be situated at the southern end of Highland Avenue, on the west side. It is a two-story building, 85x53 feet with eight rooms.

It was decided to call this building "The Chas. M. Floyd School." Ex-Governor Floyd, for whom the school is named, is a native of Derry and attended Pinkerton Academy in '82. Mr. Floyd is one of the foremost business men of Manchester and has done much toward the welfare of that city. He has been an influential member of the Republican party; has served as state senator; was elected a member of the governor's council; and later, in 1906, was made governor of the state of New Hampshire.

Mr. Floyd has not entirely severed his connection with Derry, for in 1895 he repurchased the old homestead, a farm of 160 acres, in East Derry, where he has his summer home,



This new school building is nearing completion and will be open to the children of Derry in the fall of 1917.

In recognition of the fact that the school was named for him, ex-Governor Floyd has given the furnishings for the office, together with desks and chairs for the teachers.

### PINKERTON BOYS.

Fourteen alumni, five Seniors, and two under-graduates have enlisted in the army or navy service of the United States.

Harold Curtis, '12, has been accepted for coast patrol service between New Haven, Conn. and Long Island.

Walter Martin, '16, is in training at Portsmouth on the Topeka, a coast patrol ship.

William Bond, '16, Clifford Richardson, '15, Ralph Miltimore, '14, Ralph Hall, '11, Clifton Bloomfield, '15, Harry Wark, '14, Edward Lupein, '15, Wesley Low, '14, Harold Goldsmith, '14, Arthur Bergeron, '15, Wilbur Stearns, '14, Howard Chadwick, '13, and James Abbott, '14, enlisted and have gone to Fort Slocum, New York, to train for cavalry service.

The Seniors and undergraduates are Harold P. Davis, \*17, James Davis, \*17, Edwin Laws, \*17, Howard Campbell, \*18, Arthur Morrill, \*19, who are at Portsmouth on the coast patrol training-ship, Topeka, and Russell Rice, \*17, at Fort Slocum, New York.

### NECROLOGY.

During the past year we have lost many of our Alumni:

Two attended in the 40's, Henry Sewell Adams (Boston, Sept. 27, '16). His life from 18 years of age was spent in postoffice work in Newburyport and Boston, Mass.

Lucien H. Adams (Derry, Sept. 13, '16), educated for the ministry and lived most of his life in Turkey, but in '85 he returned to Derry, where he remained till his death.

In the 60's we lost five:

John T. Melvin (Feb. 4, '16), born in Chester and moved to Derry in '88, in order that his six children might have an Academy education.

Charles McGregor (July 19, '16), an inventor who spent most of his life in Nashua. The last few years, however, were lived at his wife's home in Derry.

William D. Clark (June 23, '16) died at the place where he was born in 1844. An example of a prosperous farmer.

Warren Pillsbury, M. D. (March 28), lived the greater part of his life in Newburyport, Mass. His wife's death followed his by ten days.

Mrs. Orpah Clark Eastman (May 12, '17) died in Henniker. She was the last remaining daughter of the late Deacon and Mrs. Frances Clark of the English Range.

Among the more recent students are:

George Hunt (Aug. 3, '16), who was drowned at Beaver Lake, and four sad cases of tuberculosis:

Myra Foster (Apr. 1, '16) of Candia, a member of the class of '05, and a Smith College graduate, a teacher having taught at Pinkerton and other places.

Ina Gile (Nov. 24, '16) graduated in 1916 and died at her Jackson home.

Leola Low (Nov. 23, '16) attended some seven years ago, died at Glencliffe.

Mildred Ames (April 6, '17) died at her home in Jefferson, Mass.

—F. W. P.



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—  
Broadway Hall

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*Derry Branch*

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**1917**

**1919**

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**1918**

**1920**

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